



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR.—III.

BY SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL. D., SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TIMES (LONDON).

I left Montgomery on the 10th of April for Mobile, on board a huge, wooden, house-like steamer three stories high. For the first time I understood how one of these steamers can burn up. Fire is forever being on the point of becoming master instead of servant. At first the scenes along the banks of the Alabama were novel—cotton slides, wooding stations, cane brakes, landings with railroads running up from the river to the top of the bank, where negroes worked windlasses for loading or hoisting up goods. Selma, the only place of any importance, was passed in the night and, as far as I remember, there was no appearance of any other town in the 417 miles we traversed to Mobile, which we reached on the morning of the 11th of May.

I was very glad to leave the "Southern Republic." The company was not at all attractive, and yet I could not get away from it unless I went to bed; and even there I heard many strange oaths and modern instances of Yankee villainy through the sweltering night air. There was a diabolical steam-organ on deck called a "Calliope," which the captain made it a point of honor to put into full blast whenever the vessel was approaching even a wooding station! It was played by keys acting on valves which let steam from the boiler into metal cups, where it produced high resonant notes, and fairly blew "Dixey" into the marrow of my bones. I looked out on the quay of Mobile, fringed by tall warehouses with shops at the basement; with names French, German, Irish, Swiss, Italian, Scotch, Spanish, English, and Jewish; and I thought what manner of city is this? For there was no sign of life in the street with all these great buildings, from most of which the Confederate flag was flying.

“Yes, sir, you oughter see miles of your ships and others along here. But that Lincoln has sent down his cussed war ships on us and we’re blockaded for the time! The Yankees are at Pensacola and they are at the mouths of the Mississippi. I guess Jeff Davis will have something to say to them if John Bull does not fix them presently.”

On my way to Battle House I saw all the able-bodied population of Mobile drum beating, drilling, marching, the women and children and the gathering of negroes looking on; the Confederate flag flying from all the steeples; streets abounding in oyster restaurants, lager beer and wine bars, gambling and dancing saloons. I enjoyed exceedingly a drive along the Shell Road by the head of the Bay, lined by magnificent magnolias, orange trees, and live oaks, with many pretty villas on the way. Then the market in the evening! A throng of mulattoes, quadroons, Mes-tizos, in striking and pretty costumes, gabbling in Spanish, Italian, and French, a *lingua franca*. The most foreign looking city in the States, a very turbulent, noisy, parti-colored “Marseilles!”

The day after my arrival I was invited by Mr. Forsyth to accompany the Mayor and the principal men of Mobile in an excursion down the Bay to visit Fort Gaines and Fort Morgan at the entrance. I find in my diary, May 12: “If any judgment of men’s deeds can be formed from their words the Mobilians, who represent the third greatest port of the United States, will perish to a man ere they submit to the Yankees and above all to New York.” *Ay di mi!* They had no presage of the man Farragut and his doings and influence; no more had Colonel Hardee, who awaited our arrival at Fort Gaines, the author of *Tactics* (one of my friends whispered that he wrote “*Tactitus*”). A refined, delicate, student-like man who was proud of very poor defences there—there was a small garrison and little discipline. One of the gunners asked me “when them d——d Yankees would be coming. He wanted to send them a few pills he thought would be good for their constitution,” and a young officer assured me it was “infernal and that he would rather have a week with the Lincolnites than a night with the mosquitoes.”

I was determined to see Pensacola and Fort Pickens, the former blockaded by the United States squadron, the latter in possession of the Confederates, under General Braxton Bragg.

I heard of a schooner, the "Diana," a broad-beamed, flat-floored schooner of fifty tons, which the skipper was willing to hire for a certain sum of dollars down. The crew consisted of three loafers and a negro cook. Mr. Forsyth asked me if I could accommodate three gentlemen of Mobile who wanted to go to Pensacola with a passage as my friends.

"But they are not my friends," said I; "I cannot assent to any coming with me who are not neutrals."

"If you are asked if Mr. Raveries is your friend, will you say he is not?"

"Certainly!"

"But surely you don't wish to have Mr. Raveries hanged?"

"No, I do not! I shall do nothing to cause him to be hanged, but if he meets that fate, I can't help it."

The gentleman in question and his friends, Mr. Batre and Mr. Lynes, were finally accepted by myself and Mr. Ward on the assurance that they were neutrals. At five o'clock on the evening of the 14th of May, the "Diana," freighted with a small stock of stores, a British flag lent by the Consul, a table-cloth to serve as a flag of truce, left the quay of Mobile and with a favorable and steady breeze ran down the bay, so that at nine o'clock the lights of Fort Morgan were on our port beam, and we lay low on deck expecting the flash of the gun which the skipper declared was certain to be fired if we attempted to run past in the dark without lying to and reporting. The sentries were remiss, or the night favored us, for we were soon flying at a good eight knots through the Swash, a narrow channel over the bar. The water was perfectly smooth, the wind was strong off shore, and the phosphorescent surf looked like a white ribbon fringed with fire. As the "Diana" sped westwards great fish were visible cleaving their paths in flame from the shallows; one, a great shining gleam, came up fast in our wake. Its horrible outline revealed a monster shark. It accompanied us, distinctly outlined in the wonderful phosphorescence, now shooting ahead, now dropping astern, till it suddenly dashed off seaward.

One by one our cigar lights died out, and, muffling ourselves up, we slumbered on deck. I was awakened by the Captain talking with his crew. They were looking at a fire on the shore. "I guess it is some of them Yankees landed from their tarnation

boats and 'concoitering for a road to Mobile—let us put a bag of bullets in the old gun and touch it off at them!" It was most likely the watch fire of a Confederate patrol. I strongly objected to any belligerent act. Just at the first glimpse of dawn Fort McRae, Fort Pickens, and the ships of the blockading squadrons were in sight ahead. Presently we could make out the rival flags—the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars—flouting defiance at each other. As the "Diana" crept along toward Fort McRae a schooner with a swaggering ensign at her peak came swooping down upon us from the guard-ship, and, rounding to, lowered a boat, which hailed us.

"What schooner is that?"

"The 'Diana,' of Mobile!"

"I thought so."

The officer came alongside and stepping on deck said, "I am Mr. Brown, Master U. S. Navy, in charge of the boarding schooner 'Oriental.' I suppose you know there is a strict blockade? May I ask who you are and what is your business? You, sir," (to the skipper) "make sail and lie to under the quarter of the 'Powhatan.'"

In half an hour more we were quasi prisoners in the Captain's cabin of the frigate, undergoing courteous but close examination from Lieut. David Porter, who was awaiting instructions from the flagship, the "Sabine," a 50-gun sailing frigate, the first I had seen since I bade Victor Gleichen good-bye on board the "Leander" in Balaclava, six years before. These were signalled presently, to the effect that we were to be sent on board. Captain Adams, the senior officer, a gray-haired veteran, in the gentlest possible manner made strict inquiry into our *raison d'être*. He smiled quietly as he remarked: "You were actually running the blockade! May I ask for what object?" We each and severally explained. Captain Adams finally decided that the "Diana" was to be permitted to pass into Pensacola Harbor, and thence to return to Mobile, whilst Mr. Ward and I were to visit Fort Pickens, if Col. Harvey Brown, the Commandant, allowed us. But it was impossible to permit the gentlemen from Mobile to visit the United States fort.

When we got back to the "Diana" I told the skipper to "up stick and away for Pensacola!" He exclaimed, "Well, that beats all! I never heard of such a thing. Wonder what old Brown

and Pickens will say to it?" I had table cloth No. 1 hoisted to the peak as a flag of truce, and stood boldly on, soon gaining a view of the Confederate camp, the shore batteries and the troops moving on the wooded plains between McRae and Barrancas. "Yes," I thought, "here is a 'state of war' indeed. What will Mr. Seward say? He has been ding-donging into my ears that the Southern States are not really anti-Northern. Only a set of noisy, factious slave-owners in each State were for secession; the majority were sound for the glorious Union!" When I left he was urging Lord Lyons to promise that the British government would *never* acknowledge the Confederacy! Here it was not to be ignored. The United States Navy Yard at Pensacola, its factories, slips, storehouses, covering 300 acres; the forts at the entrance, the works which cost the United States not less than £6,000,000, were placidly flying the Stars and Bars, and rebel zouaves, chasseurs, guards, etc., were in full possession. *Beati possidentes!*

General Bragg received me very courteously. I spent the afternoon with him at headquarters, dined with him and his staff and found amusement, interest, and information in his conversation—a stern, grave man with a grim humor which gave piquancy to his talk. He looked every inch a soldier, and he talked like a man with his head well set on his shoulders and yet he made no great mark in 1861–3.

"These black Republicans of the North would," he said, "become slave-owners if they settled in Louisiana to-morrow! They would discover that they could not till the soil without the labor of the black race, and the only way to make them work is to hold them in servitude. Why, Harvey Brown, sir, at Fort Pickens over the way carried off a swarm of negroes from Tortugas the other day to work at his fortifications. Why? Because his white soldiers were not able for it! No! the North is bent on subjugating the South, and we would resist such an infamous attempt to the death."

He opened his maps and plans, explaining the position of his works and the line of fire of every gun in them. "I know every inch of Fort Pickens. I was stationed there after I left West Point and I know every stone in it as well as Harvey Brown does."

Next morning early I was on General Bragg's "war horse"

and rode all round the works in charge of an aide-de-camp. If any man says that he enjoys a ride in and out of batteries or emplacements for guns, each like one pea to another, of a hot morning in Florida, on a campaigning charger seventeen hands high, he must be an enthusiast. After a farewell visit to General Bragg I went aboard the "Diana." The skipper was utterly confused by this time and did not know whether he belonged to the Confederate States, to Abraham Lincoln, or to the Britishers.

"You don't mean to say," he exclaimed when I told him to steer for Fort Pickens, "you are going to bring the 'Diana' along side to that darned Yankee port?"

Our table cloth was again hoisted to the peak and the "Diana," with a fine breeze, ran across to the island where Fort Pickens showed its grim front under the Stars and Stripes. Major Vogdes, whom I had seen on board the flag ship; Captain Barry of the United States Artillery, and Mr. Brown of the "Oriental," received us at the jetty. I was an object of interest to them. I had come from the enemy and could tell all about them and their works if I pleased. Major Vogdes, in particular, displayed a subtlety and ingenuity in this pumping process which would have secured him a high reputation as an examiner in a court of law, but he gained nothing from it.

Exhausted by a second promenade through casements, magazines, bakehouses, ramparts, I was glad to bid good-bye to Fort Pickens. The "Diana," with her tablecloth flying, ran across towards the Confederate Navy Yard; and, having left the Mobile gentlemen on shore there, we stood out seawards between Pickens and McRae in the hope of reporting to the "Oriental," which must be waiting for us westward. I turned in, directing the skipper to call me when he saw her.

I was awakened from a sound sleep by the negro cook.

"There is a man-of-war after us."

I popped my head above the hatchway—the skipper was at the helm.

"What's the matter?"

"Well," said he, "there's been something running after us for the last two hours. I don't think he will catch us up no how if the wind holds."

"But, good heavens, man! it may be the 'Oriental.' Luff a bit and see who it is! It may be Mr. Brown."

"Mr. Brown or no, I can't help carrying on, for if I don't hold my course I'll be on a bank in a minute!"

The stranger's sail shivered.

"There, she's stuck again!" The skipper grinned with delight. "I'll lead him into a pretty mess."

Ere the "Oriental" was afloat we had shot through "the Elbow," and we glided past Fort Morgan in the early morning without a challenge. But we spent the next fourteen hours in beating up to Mobile, where I landed pretty well done up at five o'clock in the evening. I passed two days more there in society charged with Confederate electricity. I was introduced to the young ladies of the "Yankees' Emancipation Society," who spent their days sewing flannel cartridges for cannon, carding lint, preparing bandages, and expressing the most ferocious sentiments, which came with ill grace from their pretty mouths. "Wait till you hear what they say at New Orleans!" Among the most interesting of the exponents of these principles was Dr. Nott, who, with Mr. Gliddon, wrote *Types of Mankind*, a work in high repute, to which I have already alluded. The cubic capacity of the human cranium was the measure of possible civilization—a head that will contain the largest quantity of snipe shot must dominate any head of inferior capacity. Dr. Nott detested slavery. "But what is to be done with the slaves? How are four millions of negroes to be prevented from becoming twice as many, especially if their growth is stimulated by high prices for the produce of their labor?" Judge Campbell, late of the Supreme Court of the United States, was equally convinced that all sound legal arguments were on the side of secession and that the decision in the "Dred Scott" case was irrefragable.

On May 20th I left Mobile for New Orleans in the steamer "Florida," wherein I had a pretty cabin, popular with the mosquitoes.

There was a table of regulations on the wall.

"No. 6. All slave servants must be cleared at the Custom House.

"No. 7. Passengers having slaves will please report them as soon as they come on board."

I was kept awake for some time by preliminaries for duels in the saloon outside my cabin; and then I had a struggle for life with the mosquitoes, which ended in sleep from deep exhaustion.

The passengers were routed out in the early morning to take their places in the train for New Orleans, six miles distant.

The Confederate flag flying from every public building and most private houses, Turcos, zouaves, chasseurs, Lafayette, Beauregard, MacMahon guards, Pickwick, Irish, German, Italian, Spanish volunteer corps—New Orleans looked like a suburb of the camp at Chalons. It was curious to hear the conversation in the St. Charles Hotel. "Lincoln's villainous emissaries had violated the sanctity of private correspondence," in other words, the United States Marshals had seized the telegraphic dispatches of the last twelve months in all the offices of the Union. Then "the piratical fleet of Lincoln" had been seizing Confederate trading ships. The leading gentlemen of the city were by no means negligent of the reputation they had established all over the Union, where New Orleans was known to be rich in the Sallusts and Luculluses of the States, and I had full opportunity of judging of the excellence of the Creole *cuisine*. At Major Ramsey's one of the slave servants who waited at table was a son of General Andrew Jackson, who defeated the British, and he was, therefore, quite a fancy article. In that connection, Mr. Morse told me that there were no cotton bag fortifications, that only seventy-five bales had been used in the construction of a battery, and that these and some sugar hogsheads constituted the sole parapet of the trenches.

I paid visits to the estates of Governor Roman, Governor Manning, Mr. Burnside, Mr. McCall, Dr. Cotman, etc., and had an insight into the sources of the enormous wealth which in prosperous times is raked out of the mud of the Mississippi. Astounding crops of corn, sugar, and cotton! One host of mine who had come from the North of Ireland as a cabin boy to New Orleans, and was not yet fifty years of age, told me that he had in 1857 purchased an estate, 6,000 acres in one field, for £300,000 and another piece of land of 8,000 acres for £150,000; 6,000 acres grew sugar-cane, 16,000 were under Indian corn to feed his slaves, and he had still 18,000 acres to be reclaimed and turned into gold. It was difficult but necessary to escape from those hospitable planters who pressed upon me the righteous duty of advocating peace in the form of a recognition of the Confederate States and the raising of the Yankee blockade.

I began the ascent of the Mississippi from Donaldson to Baton Rouge, and on from Natchez to Vicksburg, where I took up my quarters at the Washington Hotel.

The day I arrived I was requested to attend a meeting of the principal citizens in a large room around a table graced with bottles of wine, jars of whiskey, blocks of ice, boxes of cigars, etc. It was a *Tabaks concilium* for the discussion of the news of the day, much of which was new to me. The villainy of Lincoln in suspending the writ of Habeas Corpus in the case of Merryman was particularly rubbed into me. The venerable Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, had issued a writ of Habeas Corpus and yet a military myrmidon of Lincoln's had refused to obey it. Where is our Constitution? The lawyers in the room declared the judge's argument against the suspension was unanswerable, and I found it rather inconvenient to give a decision on the point when it was referred to me. "*Inter arma silent leges.*"

In the afternoon next day I proceeded by train for Jackson, highly honored by a punch on the platform given by the citizens, and in two hours I was received at the Capital of Mississippi by a namesake of mine, who had been involved in the Irish national movement of 1848, and who had left his country for his own good; for he had got to possess influence and dollars which he would never have attained in Dublin. The streets looked like schemes of builders, who intended to have them completed at some future period. Wooden houses, brightly painted, with white porticoes and pillars, churches, and chapels with bloated cupolas and spikey spires; the State House, a pile of stone with open colonnades and an air of importance, which was dissipated by close inspection. Within was the Governor, a grim, tall, angular man, who in his youth had been a Natty Bumpo or a Davy Crockett, hunting and trapping in the Far West. A stern Puritan slave-owner, content with his emoluments of £800 a year, and perfectly satisfied that he was at the top of the tree in civilized life, though there were more assassinations and murders in Jackson than there were in mediæval Venice or Florence in any year gone by. He actually said with the air of simplest conviction, "The Sovereign State of Mississippi can do a great deal better without England than England can do without Mississippi."

As I went on from Jackson towards Corinth I might have fancied I was involved in some strange crusade to destroy some infidel power. At a station where stone pillars mark the boundary of Tennessee and Mississippi I saw a two-storied house crammed with negro men and women ; a fellow in flannel shirt and slippers, with long, straight hair, and a heavy whip in his hand, was standing at the door as if in charge of the house, and one of the passengers had some little talk before the train moved on. "There is as prime a lot of Virginia niggers as I have seen for a long time, and Sam wants to realize, for the news looks bad ; so I advise you to have a deal if you want them."

At Memphis, on the Mississippi, there were more comforts and luxuries than there were at Memphis on the Nile. The march of empires had gone thousands of miles westward and left this remarkable exhibit, of which Gayoso House was not an unpleasant incident in its way. General Gideon J. Pillow very courteously sent an aide-de-camp to invite me to accompany him to inspect Fort Randolph and the batteries commanding the river. He had been a solicitor, in business with President Polk, but had changed his pen for the sword in the Mexican war, where he served with distinction, was severely wounded, returned to business, and engaged in it till secession summoned him to the field. A compact, clean-shaven man, with short gray whiskers and a pompous manner of speech. Shot and shell were ready beside the guns commanding the stream to prevent "Federal ruffians" from passing down from Cairo, where General Prentiss commanded. But I was not impressed by the discipline of the troops—splendid-looking fellows, tall, strong and bold. They kept up a running commentary on the speech which General Pillow thought it necessary to address to them. When one of the officers called out "Boys ! Three cheers for General Pillow," the rank and file responded with war-whoops, a stentorian voice shouted out, "Who cares for General Pillow ?" No one answered.

After visiting Randolph Point and Fort Pillow, I wrote what I did not say or print at the time : "Though they were strong positions, gunboats could run past them without serious loss." I returned from camp to Memphis and found letters. The Federal fleets had closed the ports. My artist friend had bolted at New Orleans, and I was left in the midst of secession when I ought to be at Washington, whence communications were open with the

world. Mr. Jefferson Davis was prepared to receive me and to enable me to see all that was most interesting at Richmond. But of what use would it be if my communications were cut? So I sat down in the steamer to write my last dispatch from "Dixey." My position, if not unique, was certainly difficult. I was received by the Southern statesmen, soldiers, and leaders as a confidential friend, whilst I was utterly unable to do them any service or to turn to account the information they afforded me. I was conducted over forts and camps and was made acquainted with general objects and designs, but I could not write what would be in the hands of the authorities of the Northern States in the columns of a London newspaper in a very few days. As to the preparations of the Federal States I could reveal nothing; but though I was accompanied by a well-known American gentleman of Southern proclivities, I was regarded with suspicion by the rank and file of the slaveowners. I had made many most charming acquaintances, some of whom were to make their names known in the coming struggle in which many were to lose fortune and life. I did not meet Stonewall Jackson, Ben McCulloch, Ewell or Twiggs; but I had seen, without knowing who it was till afterwards, the greatest of all the soldiers of the Confederacy, Lee himself. I found Southern gentlemen hospitable and kindly—men like King, Trescot, Elliot, Hayward, Pringle—well educated and accomplished, a marked contrast to the mass of the people amongst whom they lived. A universal faith upheld them against the strength and wealth of the North. The first sermon I heard at Savannah was directed to prove not only that slavery was a divine institution, but that it was the necessary foundation of civilization and good government! "England must interfere; Cotton is King." But some there were who doubted. Commodore Tatnall, a white-headed, blue-eyed, ruddy-cheeked old man, who had served under the Stars and Stripes for more than forty years—his wife a Northern woman, his friends in the North—felt, as he said, "like a man blown into the air by an explosion. But his course was clear for all that. His State had gone out and he could not fight against the country that gave him birth." When General Lawton, at Fort Pulaski, remarked that they could whip the Yankees by land, whilst the Commodore could take care of them at sea, Tatnall said: "Where are the ships? I have no fleet! Long before the South has a fleet to cope with the North, my bones

will be whitening in the grave!" So I told General Pillow that I was going to Cairo within the Federal lines and would thence proceed to Washington. I did not think it necessary to assure him that my lips would be sealed as to the military movements I had witnessed. I am bound to say General Pillow did not ask me to make any promise.

I bade the General, his staff, and the officers with whom I dined at the Gayoso at Memphis a friendly good-bye. They could not quite understand why I should be going up to "the Black Republicans at Cairo." Colonel Faxon, of the Tennessee Tigers, who edited *The Columbus Crescent*, was very angry with the Federals.

"The mosquitoes of Cairo," he wrote, "had been sucking lager beer out of the dirty Dutchmen there so long that they were bloated as large as Spring opossums! Some Columbus mosquitoes went up the other day to suck, but as they have not returned, it is probable they died of D. T. In fact, the blood of a Hessian would poison the most degraded tumble bug in creation."

I suppose every man in the camps of Tennesseans, Missourians, Kentuckians, and Mississippians who survived the ordeal of battle has long since joined the majority. On the afternoon of the 19th of June, I embarked at Columbus.

W. H. RUSSELL.

(To be Continued.)